

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1919

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# *Reedy's* MIRROR

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FEB 4 1919

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PRICE TEN CENTS  
THREE DOLLARS THE YEAR

# International Life of St. Louis Outstrips All Other Life Companies

**W**ITH \$11,593,728.40 admitted assets as of December 31, 1918, the International Life enters into another era of record smashing. These large funds have been built up in a little less than ten years of operations. No other old line life insurance company in America has a record for accumulating eleven and one-half million dollars of admitted assets within the first decade of its business. With over seventy-seven million dollars of insurance in force at the close of the year the International Life establishes also another record for growth, towering over the first ten-year business record of any other American old line life insurance company, with the exception of one of the older companies, which exceeded that achievement in a decade, but which fell \$4,000,000 short of the International Life in accumulation of assets in the corresponding period. It is doubtful if any other company in the whole world achieved as much as eleven and one-half million of assets and seventy-seven million of insurance in force within the first ten years' operations.

## ANNUAL STATEMENT

DECEMBER 31, 1918

Operating under the legal reserve law of the State of Missouri, the Public Knows  
Our Strength and is interested only in

### A STATEMENT OF OUR PROGRESS

First mortgages on Real Estate.....	\$6,192,279.23	Policy Reserves.....	\$10,233,325.43
Worth twice the amount loaned in each instance.		Notice of death claims but proofs not yet furnished.....	293,655.49
Bonds .....	961,316.55	Reserve for Taxes.....	71,908.82
Real Estate.....	1,134,937.67	Premiums and interest paid in advance and uncompleted items.....	135,783.32
Carried in each instance below, or not to exceed, market value		Reserve for Contingent Liabilities.....	172,718.15
Cash and Certificates of Deposit in Banks on interest.....	405,679.05	All other Liabilities.....	33,731.20
Cash in Home Office and Banks.....	4,150.65	Including bills and Medical Fees accrued but not due.	
Loans to Policyholders.....	2,679,023.21	Capital Stock .....	525,000.00
Secured in full by policy reserves		Unassigned funds.....	127,605.99
Interest, accrued.....	216,342.04		
Total admitted assets.....	\$11,593,728.40	Total .....	\$11,593,728.40
Surplus to policyholders in excess of legal reserve requirements .....			652,605.99

#### Comparative Statement of Gains

	Dec. 31, 1918	Dec. 31, 1917	Gain	Percent
Total Insurance in Force.....	\$77,042,499.00	\$70,227,486.00	\$6,815,013.00	10%
Total Admitted Assets.....	11,593,728.40	9,411,880.96	2,181,847.44	23%
Total Premium Income.....	2,655,494.37	2,392,960.98	262,533.39	11%
Reserved for Policyholders.....	10,233,325.43	8,192,113.84	2,041,211.59	25%

*The Full Legal Reserve on Each Policy Is Deposited with the State of Missouri*

# International Life of St. Louis

MASSEY WILSON,  
President

Home Office  
INTERNATIONAL LIFE BLDG.  
8th and Chestnut Sts.

J. L. BABLER,  
Vice-President and General  
Manager of Agencies



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1919

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## The Wake in the Quai D'Orsay

By William Marion Reedy

ALL'S well with the League of Nations at the Quai D'Orsay—in general. But I suspect somebody's cheating as to details. There's Italy sneaking in on Jugo Slavia, and France jumping a claim in the Saar valley. The President of the United States had to warn against encroachments by force during the armistice, to be urged as facts accomplished by the war, in justification of holding whatever may be gained by such encroachment. Japan is doing some hunching too. She wants to hold all she took from Germany in China, though what she took was China's, not Germany's, and she wants to hold suzerainty, if not more, over China under those twenty-one articles which she forced down China's throat some years ago, giving Japan financial and military and educational and concessional control even of British and American ventures. This sort of thing will have to be settled before the League of Nations can be formed. If it isn't settled—no peace in the East. And Japan wants to hold a footing in Russia too, which won't help to smooth out conditions in that vast chaos. The peace conference seems to agree that Germany shall not get back her colonies. She didn't know how to use them. But shall they be divided up among Great Britain, France, Portugal, Belgium, the South African Union or shall they be held under an international protectorate, with the United States sharing in the responsibility? So with the Pacific Islands once held by Germany. Shall they be parceled out among Japan, Australia and New Zealand or shall the United States come in and help internationalize them? President Wilson is said to favor this. But the Lion stands by her south-sea cubs. The Australasians want the islands and don't want Japan to have any of them. They don't want "the little brown men" too near. Japan seems to stop short only of "speaking disrespectfully of the equator," but she wants everything south of that in the Pacific. And some suspect that there's somebody back of Japan. Japan doesn't want American control of those islands—another Philippines. I gather that "freedom of the seas" is simmering down to a ruling as to what is contraband and a declaration for freedom of private property to move unrestricted at sea in war time. This isn't what Germany meant by freedom of the seas. The cables say that the conference has ceased talking "indemnities" and now considers "reparation," because Germany simply can't pay the allies' war bill. As for Russia, it looks as if Lenin will send delegates to Princess Islands, to meet a sub-committee of the conference. His government grows stronger and he finds that theory has to be soft-pedaled in governmental practice, and he may consent to pay those French bondholders for whom M. Pichon chiefly spoke when he refused to have any dealings with the Bolsheviks. The other Russian governments are not as strong as Lenin's and their people are just as hungry. But the allies are distrustful of all factions, fearing German penetration and machination. Paderewski and Pilsudski seem to have polished up a truce in Poland, but the conference will probably favor Pilsudski because he gets his authority in Poland while Paderewski got his in France, with a royalist and Roman flavor. The European is easier than the Asiatic and Australasian and African problems, because the conferring allies are masters of the bread as to the Europeans, and the need of bread makes those who need it tractable. There's nothing definite doing as yet

upon the subject of international labor. It is almost comical to read about the conference and realize that in all its discussions no one from Germany has a word to say about anything. Germany will take what is handed to her or—she will take it. The conference is her funeral but she isn't even permitted to be present in the role of the corpse, because mortification is doubtful. Still, a good many observers would be more easy in their minds if they were quite certain that the conflicts of interest herein described did not promise an ugly row at the wake of autocracy. However, we must not expect a League of Nations "while you wait." Remember how long it took to get the United States together into a union. And President Wilson is there representing a power greater than governments—the peoples who are weary of blood letting.

♦♦♦♦

## About That Compromise

By William Marion Reedy

DON'T FORGET THE BURGLARY!

Don't forget that the Mayor has no authority to grant or extend a franchise.

Don't forget that the validation in effect of one underlying franchise of the United Railways may well validate others without provision for compensation to the city.

Don't forget that even the payment of the mill tax is not assured; the company remarks "you can't get blood out of a turnip."

Don't forget that the United Railways company gives nothing for the validation of the Jefferson avenue line franchise, for the supreme court of the United States has affirmed the constitutionality and validity of the mill tax per year per passenger.

Don't forget that the mayor abandoned a city suit as to the Jefferson avenue franchise, not when the case seemed hopeless, but after the suit had "lain dormant" for five years, the city not pressing it.

Don't forget that the mayor's stipulation accomplished what the United Railways burglars tried to accomplish when they robbed a safe and stole the petitions upon which the compromise ordinance was to have been submitted to a referendum.

Don't forget that when new referendum petitions were prepared the United Railways rejected the compromise rather than try another burglary or submit to a referendum.

Don't forget that the compromise enables the company to borrow more money which the citizens will have to pay in an already increased fare, which the company seeks to increase again.

Don't forget that the mayor's stipulation for a compromise exacts nothing of the company in the way of extensions and improvement of service.

Don't forget that the compromise was secretly effected, depriving the people of the right to a vote upon the extension—a franchise for no value received.

Don't forget that the subjection of Mayor Kiel to a recall, even though big business and both party machines should defeat the recall, will make future mayors avoid any such transaction as this one of Mayor Kiel's.

Don't forget that even the debatably laudable end, from a Republican standpoint, of averting a United Railways receivership doesn't excuse the means adopted to attain it.

Don't forget that the mayor's action is primarily in furtherance of the purposes of speculation in United Railways securities, the franchise validation boosting values at once on the stock exchange.

Don't forget that the indorsements of the mayor's



action come chiefly from his political retainers and from the principals in local big business and their parasites.

Don't forget that the "labor leaders" who indorse the compromise are repaying Mayor Kiel for political favors, and they don't care if all the citizens "get it in the neck," so long as "labor" can make the politicians and the big business interests divide the spoils with it.

Don't forget that the labor leaders do not represent in this matter the masses of organized labor, to say nothing of the far greater number of unorganized workers.

Don't forget that the big showy spread of support for the mayor's action is contrived by an organized effort of "accelerators of opinion" in behalf of the political and financial interests that will profit by the compromise.

Don't forget that the corporation gets all it asked and more while the city gets absolutely nothing but what the highest courts decreed to be coming to it.

Don't forget the burglary: that performance is the all-sufficient test of the morality of the compromise.

Don't forget to sign for the recall, for even though the recall be defeated, the effort will prevent hole-and-corner sellouts of the people's interests in future.

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### *The Irish Republic*

NEER not at the Irish Republic. Ireland has been confiscated, as Francis Hackett says, but never conquered nor subdued. She was betrayed and sold into the union with Great Britain. Her people have never assented to the repeal. The Irish majority is a nation in conviction and heart. The Irish have been ill-treated in the withdrawal of home rule after it had passed Parliament. They have a claim to nationhood as good as that of the Belgians or the Serbs or the Poles, and that claim is not annulled by Great Britain's dread of their hostility. Something must be done for Ireland to enable her to be self-governing. If that something be not done, Ireland will be the ultimate ruin of the British empire, for its hatred poisons the world against its oppressor. That hatred will cost Great Britain all her colonies and dominions, eventually, and write "Fuit" over her departed glory. Something must be done for Ireland if Great Britain is to be saved, and the peace conference cannot well refuse to receive the Irish delegates. It cannot consistently deny to her self-determination, for she has never surrendered her nationality or compromised her sovereignty. Free, Ireland never can be a deadlier enemy at Great Britain's door than she is as she is. Ireland unpacified is Great Britain menaced forever. The Irish Republic may be fantastic, but it is no joke.

♦♦

### *Bribery and Corruption*

MR. JOHN C. HIGDON of St. Louis writes a letter to the *Christian Science Monitor* on the tipping of Pullman porters. It is a most devastating document—to Mr. Robert T. Lincoln who, some time ago, justified to the world the Pullmanian practice of letting the public pay the wages of the porters on its cars. He says there is a federal penal statute on bribery, a reading of which makes it seem to him that the tipping or bribing of sleeping-car porters (who are now federal employees) is absolutely prohibited by law, under the penalty of a penitentiary term and a fine of from \$100 to \$10,000. Mr. Higdon cites the statute. It is Section 1782, United States Revised Statutes, and it provides thus: "No . . . officer or clerk in the employ of the government, shall receive or agree to receive any compensation whatever, directly or indirectly, for any services rendered, or to be rendered . . . in relation to . . . any matter or thing in which the United

States is a party, or directly or indirectly interested . . . before any department,—bureau . . . Every person offending against this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be imprisoned not more than two years, and fined not more than \$10,000, and shall, moreover, by conviction therefor, be rendered forever thereafter incapable of holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the government of the United States." This is terrible. Why, a \$10,000 fine would eat up all a porter's salary for one month. It would be confiscation without due process of law—therefore unconstitutional. We cannot stand for it. Moreover, what's to become of the fellows who pay the tip and charge it up on their expense accounts? The Supreme Court of the State of Missouri has ruled that the state cannot and will not pay such tips in expense accounts. If officials can't charge up tips, private citizens can't. That's flat. Mr. Higdon writes to the *Monitor*: "Far be it from me to make the lot of the sleeping-car porter a harder one, but my advice to him is, in view of the above law, to think twice before he accepts any more 'bribes' from his long-suffering passengers." But what has Mr. Higdon to say of those who give tips? Nothing. But if the taking of a tip is accepting a bribe, the giving of a tip must be bribery, too. Everybody is liable to indictment and conviction, or will be until the news gets abroad. Then—well, there will be no United States statute in the whole big book of statutes that will not be more generally, more meticulously—there's a good word!—meticulously—obeyed than the one enshrined in Section 1872. We shall have to organize "drives," get up balls and bundle days, and all that sort of thing for the benefit of the impoverished porters. What will the porters' trades unions do about this? Most laws with penalties to them, these days, do not apply to trades unionists or farmers—our privileged classes. How was their exemption overlooked? The porters must have slept on their rights. They will wake, dazed, wondering where they get off. Will they join the Bolsheviks? It is a terrible condition and prospect Mr. Higdon opens up to the porters and to the remainder of us. It will be terrible if, as a result of this hideous revelation, the porters should be compelled to accept a living wage in lieu of honoraria. The outlook is dark.

♦♦

### *Will Liberals Wake Up?*

I doubt if this country, as a whole, realizes what the Anti-Saloon League has put over upon it, in prohibition. The constitutional amendment is a snap judgment taken by cowardly politicians under terror. But the congress may wake up enough carefully to forget to frame the statutes to give the amendment effect. (See Elmer Chubb's letter in this issue.) The people who occasionally drink, but are not drunkards, especially the working people, may yet have something to say. And everybody must realize that prohibition of liquor may be followed by prohibition of tobacco, coffee, tea and heaven only knows what else. It is time to begin organizing against the menace of a puritan theocracy with a nation-wide perpetual inquisition into our personal lives.

♦♦

### *Nobody Home*

CAN it be true, as some have said, that government at Washington has been "paralyzed" by the absence of President Wilson? What has congress done since he departed? And the departments are said to be moving super-carefully. Here's a case of the "separation of the duty to plan and the duty to execute" programmes, which President Wilson, in his earliest book, "Congressional Government," and in most others since, complained of as a defect in our system, and it seems to demand some consideration. With "the duty to plan and the duty to execute" concentrated in one man's hands, what's to be done with a whole lot of things demanding action, when the one man is away on another all-engrossing job? If all the business is concentrated in the executive, of course there's nothing for

the legislative and judicial coordinate branches to do, but to mark time until the executive gets back. When the executive sails away and says it doesn't know what ought to be done about the railroads—whether the government shall hold on to them or give them back to their owners—or about taking care of the industrial complications due to demobilization and the cessation of war work in the factories, naturally nothing is done. If the supreme planner is not planning, the supreme executor cannot be executing, even if planner and executor are the same person. It seems somebody should be planning and executing to fend off the condition prophesied by Secretary Frank Morrison of the American Federation of Labor that within three months there will be breadlines in every large city in the country. But we are told from Washington that everything is all right. Maybe it is, but it looks to me as if "there's nobody home."

♦♦

### *Amendment by Stampede*

"G. B.," in our department of "Letters from the People," suggests that Missouri abolish both constitution and legislature and go at once on an initiative and referendum basis. Edgar Lee Masters, master poet, in a letter to an eastern periodical, suggests scrapping the federal constitution and leaving acts of congress stand as the supreme law of the land, until repealed. The federal constitution can be used in too many ways in defeat or perversion of the popular will. Constitutional amendment by resolution of state legislatures can shackle the people in behalf of special and local interests. I am not prepared to send all the constitutions to the scrap heap, but I am against constitutional amendment by stampede.

♦♦

### *The Revolution*

I have received word that the Bolshevik revolution will be inaugurated in this country on or about May 1st, next. If so, it will be quickly kiboshed. Many Americans believe that the Russian Bolshevik should be allowed to work out their revolution without our military interference, but mighty few of us believe that the Bolshevik methods of reforming intolerable oppression in Russia would be justifiable here. We are against "group consciousness" and the class war. We want our reform to come through more getting together and less pulling apart of groups and classes. We don't want the United States made over in the similitude of Greenwich Village, where all things are in common, except common sense. But we'll have to stop proscription and persecution for opinion's sake. We'll have to tear up the blacklists. We'll have to stop pillorying every unconventional thinker as a pro-German. We'll have to grant amnesty to political prisoners who only spoke against the war. We'll have to stop the suppression of free speech and free press. We'll have to have more Baker and less Burleson if we don't want to foster the revolution. There's much to be said for Bolshevism in Russia. Burlesonism and Gregoryism are all that can be said for Bolshevism here. Away with the former; the latter is gone.

♦♦♦♦

## The War Debts

By William Marion Reedy

THOSE war debts—where's the money to come from to pay them? It can come from but one source—the people. There is nobody else to pay them. Some of it may be balanced off as between nations—as Great Britain wrote off many of the advances made to continental nations to raise them up against Napoleon—but the money has to be paid by the people, even though nations do not pay.

The British deadweight debt, in 1914, according to Francis W. Hirst, a noted English economist, writing in the *New York Nation*, was £650,000,000. Bonar Law estimated last summer that, if



the war continued, the debt in March of this year would be £8,000,000,000. He calculated also that by March 31st, this year, Russia, France, Italy and the other allies might owe Great Britain £1,632,000,000. He reckoned but one half of this as immediately recoverable. To this he added the sums lent to the colonies and India's war contributions and estimated that the deduction from the gross war debt would be £1,124,000,000, leaving the British national debt at the end of March, £7,000,000,000, with possible further deduction of £1,000,000,000 from amounts due by the allies and the dominions for goods and services, outstanding arrears of excess profits, duties and other assets. Some of these "other assets" we would call "junk." Mr. Bonar Law reckons on "derelict airdromes" and the firewood in the temporary war buildings and in the protective coverings over statues like that little pathetic one of Charles I in Trafalgar square. So this brings the British debt down to £6,000,000,000, interest upon which, with sinking fund, will call for some £330,000,000 per year. The pre-war expenditure for administration and defense was £220,000,000. The post-war expenditure, including education, will be much more, unless armaments shall be reduced. Then there will be pensions. So with a national debt of £6,000,000,000, the annual expenditure of Great Britain will be not less than £700,000,000 per year—more than three times what it was before the war.

"France is in an even worse case. It is true that enormous profits have been made by the French out of the vast sums spent in France by Great Britain and America. But against that must be set the havoc wrought by war in north-eastern France. Moreover, the losses of men have been appalling. Probably one-third of the young men of France have been killed or irretrievably injured. Before the war the dead-weight debt of France was heavier, both absolutely and relatively, than that of any other Great Power, and even in years of peace the tendency was for it to increase at a fairly rapid rate. Thus, it stood at about 20,000,000,000 francs in 1877, 24,000,000,000 in 1887, 25,000,000,000 in 1907, and 32,000,000,000 in 1914.

"The Imperial debt of Germany was comparatively small—something over 5,000,000,000 marks before the war. Other belligerent debts before the war, in pounds sterling, were: Russia, about £930,000,000; Austria-Hungary, about £770,000,000; Italy, about £600,000,000; Japan, about £260,000,000; and the United States, about £210,000,000 (\$1,061,000,000 on October 1, 1914). All these debts were considered good investments before the war. The German, Austrian, and Italian debts were mainly held at home and yielded, I think, from four to four and one-half per cent in 1913. Russian credit was maintained mainly by the French peasants, but also, since the Anglo-Russian *entente*, by British investors. London was the chief external market for Japanese bonds.

"The debts of the principal European belligerents will probably work out somewhat as follows in millions sterling: Great Britain, £6,000,000,000; Germany, £6,000,000,000; France, £6,000,000,000; Russia, £5,000,000,000; Austria-Hungary, £4,500,000,000; Italy, £2,500,000,000. These of course are round figures. Of these six countries only one, Great Britain, is at present paying interest and something more out of taxes, and only one other, Italy, has been paying interest on war debt out of taxes. Russia has repudiated. The increased revenue from war taxes in France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary has been quite inadequate. In all these countries part of the war revenue has been obtained by printing paper. Gold has entirely disappeared from the currency, even in Great Britain. In Russia, copper has disappeared, and I doubt if the purchasing power of the paper ruble is more than one-tenth of what it was before the war. All the belligerent currencies have depreciated in neutral markets."

Mr. Hirst, continuing, considers the restoration of exchange of currencies. If the pound goes back to its old purchasing power the debt contracted at 5 per cent interest, with the pound worth only 10 shillings, it means that the people would have to pay 10 per cent to the fund holders. Capital will be scarce. Interest rates will rise all over the world. But if the average rate of graduated income tax rose to 10 shillings in the pound, the fund holder would lose one half his income and the nominal debt charge would be reduced by half.

Will indemnities lighten the debt burdens? France and Belgium must be indemnified, but Belgium's indemnity will be proportionately small. But it is difficult to see how the money indemnity can be

paid. Printing mark notes can't do it. There are other indemnities—to Poland, Serbia, Macedonia, Rumania, Transylvania, etc. Mr. Hirst thinks each of the belligerent powers should agree to contribute the cost of one week or one month of the war to the relief of individual sufferers.

How about advances to the other allies by Great Britain and the United States? Italy and Rumania had to be fixed before they would get in. Great Britain's graduated income tax went up to 50 per cent, France's only to 25 per cent. The United States had to give money and food while making preparations to put men in the field. The United States war debt consists in large part of advances to the allies. Will the United States government write off any of this as to France, Greece, Serbia? Some persons favor cancelling all that France owes us. But our debt is not likely to be much more than half the British or the French. We have double the population and wealth of either, therefore our burden of interest will be but one quarter as heavy as that on the British and French. And we haven't lost the lives and cripples. Great Britain lost one in three, France one in four, the United States one in two hundred. Our gross debt on May 31st, last, was \$12,875,000,000, the net debt \$11,760,000,000. "If the advances to the allies are treated not as loans but as subsidies, and if the American army is not employed for a long period as an army of occupation," Mr. Hirst thinks that with all accounts liquidated and this country on a peace footing the total debt will be somewhere between \$17,500,000,000 and \$20,000,000,000: the latter figure would be equivalent to £4,000,000,000 or two-thirds of the total debt of Great Britain or Germany.

Mr. Hirst doesn't touch on the proposal to pool all the allied war debts and let the nations pay them off in proportion to population, resources and maybe some other things. He doesn't mention an international arrangement like to our Federal Reserve Bank system to take care of the vast debts and to prevent the concentration of money or credits here or there to the disadvantage of other financial centers. He says nothing about the nations controlling the debts rather than leaving such control to the bankers. He seems to think the United States got off pretty light in the war, all things considered. Therefore he thinks that this country should largely do what Great Britain did with its advances to allies against Napoleon. If we should, of course, to the extent that we did it, we would be less a rival of Great Britain's for financial supremacy. What is most desirable for the world, however, is that the war debt should be handled in a way to eliminate the struggle for financial supremacy, which often has led to war. But how will the people pay the interest on £35,000,000,000, or \$175,000,000,000—by taxation upon industry or by taxation upon privilege? This is the larger question.

♦♦♦♦

## En Route

By Manuel Komroff

THE trans-Siberian Express was most uncomfortable, yet it rolled on and on pretending that its wheels were not flat and that it had plenty of oil. Dust blew across the fertile Siberian plains and much of it stole its passage on the train, as though it too were needed in Petrograd.

We left Novo-Nikolaievsk in the morning and were now nearing Omsk ready for supper if the station had provided. From the windows we could see that Omsk was not to be outdone by the smaller Siberian stations. She, too, had sewn together nine red handkerchiefs and floated the flag of the revolution from her masts. The buildings about the town were decorated with similar flags. It really did not matter that the cloth was salmon or magenta, or pink or vermillion, or even mauve as

long as it remained on the red side and on the side of revolution.

As the train came to a full stop and many of the passengers hurried to the station dining room, two soldiers who had been camping on the platform gathered their belongings, including a tin kettle, and approached the train.

"Ivan," said the one holding the kettle, "we may sit on the steps or even stretch out in the vestibule, but it will take the devil himself to put us off this time."

"What, throw me off?" replied the other. "A fire, that's what I said. They will have to build a fire under me even to roll me off. Four days in this town is enough; and Petrograd waiting for us! Almost a month ago we were invited to come and share with the Revolution. Like brothers they invited us."

"Who are you talking about?"

"Don't think I am talking about my own brother, but it's Petrograd who invites us like a brother. If you can't read, it's no fault of mine."

"If you didn't read so many papers that were stale," replied the soldier with the kettle, "then things would be pleasanter for us all. Brothers or no brothers, I hope we get to Petrograd and that they will have some good food for us, but if they don't then they are no brothers of mine. Not for an hour will I allow them to be my brothers."

"You're a fool! Of course, when papers are stale they lose their fire, but in Petrograd I will show you what a fresh newspaper is like. You have no idea. You stand by a big machine, big as a locomotive, but no smoke (the Americans are devils) and suddenly it starts like a big animal, sick with colic. It rolls its ears and turns a hundred eyes and vomits folded newspapers as though there were no end to its indigestion. And the papers are hot like white bread and you smell the delicate spirits with which the ink is mixed, and there is electricity in every sheet. And the machine hardly stops from one day to another; she just sits and vomits. How can you compare a paper that is two weeks old with a fresh one?"

"Do I compare anything, Ivan? I merely ask what right has a newspaper to make me a brother of a city. What right has it?"

With these words the two soldiers had placed their bags on the platform of the train and were making themselves comfortable on the steps when the conductor with his neat uniform and commanding air appeared. Without the slightest introduction Ivan pounded the butt of his rifle on the steps, struck a challenging attitude and cried:

"We don't care if you are a conductor or a general. We are sons of the Revolution and we are going to Petrograd and the devil himself will have to build a fire under us to get us off."

"Ho-ho," and the conductor waved his hand. "Who wants to put you off? Did I say anything? Do I care if you sit on the steps? Do the passengers care if I don't, and will the engine object to two more? What difference will two more make? Do you think I would throw my brothers off a train because they had no tickets? Is it my train? No, of course not! Then what are you fellows hollering about?"

"We are no brothers," replied the soldier with the kettle. "They haven't a right to make me a brother if I don't want it. I am Nick, and you are a Conductor, and he is Ivan, and Petrograd is a city, and my brother is dead."

"Don't mind him," laughed Ivan, changing his attitude towards the conductor. "He has a large box of cigarettes and resents becoming a brother of so large a city as Petrograd."

"My poor children," said the conductor with a very solemn air, "if the train had a little less trouble I would shed a tear for you two. Here you are, going to Petrograd thinking that they invite you to come and eat caviar, when in reality (and I know because I was there) it is black bread buttered with trouble. You will see for yourself. Only yesterday we had a telegram that they were shooting



again in the streets. If you call this brotherly, you will see it for yourself."

"And do you think it is so pleasant on the train? We have with us a general, who is a man of high rank and whose name appears in every paper at least once a week. He is not afraid of the greatest cannon, but he fears Petrograd. We have with us three ladies and hardly a day passes that they do not weep. Yesterday they cried because Siberia was so big and devoured so many of our best people, and now, just before we came into Omsk, I had them pull down the shades so they would not catch a view of the garrison where eight hundred prisoners were confined at one time and where our Dostoevsky wrote his 'Memoirs from a Dead House.' A dead house it was indeed and if the ladies ever saw it, they would have cried for a week. If children cry it's different and if a man cries there is always a way to fix it, but if women weep in one car and the general complains in another, and the flies eat up the dining car, and people sleep in the corridors, and the doctor's dog yelps all night, is it a wonder that the train is two days late? Everybody was in a hurry to get to Petrograd, yet now no one would object if we remained here a day or so and found out who was shooting who in the streets and what the trouble was."

The soldiers sat on the steps in meditation as the station bell rang twice; at last Nicholas spoke:

"You see how you can believe the papers. It's better not to read at all. Now that we are here, we know at least where we are, but where are we if we get to Petrograd and they start shooting? Besides, I discovered a man here who is good for a pound of tea at least every two weeks; and who will collect it when I am gone? And the prospects I had in mind these past two days are better than all your newspaper brothers. Now, here, if I find a runaway German in the woods, I talk to him with my hands and strike a bargain. How do you think I got those two watches we sold last week? Did you think I stole them? No, I struck a bargain. In fact, I have always had a natural talent for trading. What the devil will we do in Petrograd? Can you strike a bargain if they are busy shooting, and can you get two silver watches from brothers?"

Ivan, pretending he is angry, now grasps the kettle and drags his sack from the train.

"What kind of a dog do you think I am? Here we wait four days for a train and receive the consent of the conductor and the invitation from the capital and we are not started yet, but you resent the journey. As for myself, I can't say I like to hear women weep nor do I care for shooting in the streets."

"I haven't heard such good sense in a long time," said the conductor.

The bell struck three times, the soldiers dragged their belongings to the rail of the platform, the conductor mounted the steps and waved them farewell.

"Goodbye!—I'll be back in a week and will bring you regards from your brothers."

"Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!"

♦♦♦♦

## A Burns Pilgrimage to Boston

HENRY HOWARD GRATZ'S NARRATIVE

*This delightful paper was read last Saturday evening at the annual dinner of the Burns Club of St. Louis, by Mr. Walter B. Stevens. Mr. William Vincent Byars discovered Henry Howard Gratz's narrative of his visit to Boston when he edited "The Gratz Papers" for private publication. Mr. Gratz had read this narrative before a local club of women in Lexington, Ky., ten or fifteen years ago. It was published in a Lexington paper at the time, but never elsewhere. As the document is introduced and transcribed here, it was prepared by Mr. Stevens for the chapter on "The Missourian" in "Missouri, The Center State," a two volume, illustrated work ranging through one hundred years*

*of statehood, which he is getting ready for publication in 1920. A first edition of this history was published several years ago and the publishers were so far satisfied with results that they decided to get out another edition in the state's centennial year, enlarging the work and bringing the historical and descriptive matter down to date. Mr. Stevens is a writer of much charm, but surely the book can contain no more entertaining chapter than this, of so many far-reaching romantic and literary associations, the reading of which so delighted all the St. Louis fellows in Burns at Saturday evening's commemoration of the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the night when "ae blast o' Januar' win', blew han'sel in on Robin."*

IN 1859 a Missourian traveled to Boston in order that he might be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. This Missourian was a member of what is known in Missouri history as "the Lexington Group." The collective name was given to several young men, all "Kentucky cousins," who came out to find fortune or fame in Missouri. One of them was Montgomery Blair, who practiced law in St. Louis for many years and became postmaster general in Lincoln's cabinet. Another was Francis P. Blair, who kept Missouri in the Union. A third was B. Gratz Brown, editor, United States senator, head of the Liberal Republican movement, governor of Missouri, nominee for vice-president with Horace Greeley in 1872. A fourth was General Joseph O. Shelby, who refused a commission with the Union army, and became one of the most famous cavalry leaders with the Confederacy. And a fifth member of the group was Henry Howard Gratz, progenitor of widely known Missouri families, who founded the first railroad town west of the Mississippi—Kirkwood. All of these five men were "cousins" of varying degrees, through pioneer families of Kentucky. Shelby and Gratz went into the hemp raising and rope making business in Lafayette county. Both of them were intense sympathizers with states' rights in the matter of slavery, and quite naturally, for slavery was vital to the then important hemp industry of Missouri.

Henry Howard Gratz was the Missourian who traveled to Boston, where he had never been before, to attend the Burns dinner in 1859. He came well by his literary tastes. His mother was a near relative of Miss Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia, a woman of fine culture, distinguished for her interest in and judgment on the literature of that day, the friend and adviser of Washington Irving. The latter was a frequent visitor at the home of Rebecca Gratz and admired her greatly. When he went abroad, Irving spent some time with Walter Scott. In his conversations he told Scott much about Rebecca Gratz, her character and her unusual talents. Scott took Rebecca Gratz as the prototype of Rebecca, the heroine in "Ivanhoe."

With her relatives in Kentucky, Rebecca Gratz carried on correspondence, sending the best books that came out in that period. Henry Howard Gratz, in the narrative of his trip to Boston, written many years afterward, said that he had "acquired a great admiration for Thomas Carlyle, when a young man, being infatuated with 'Sartor Resartus,' which was sent, on its first publication in this country, in about 1836, by Miss Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia, to my mother, who was a reading woman. This book, laid away in my father's house for several years, a mystery to all and without a reader so far as I know, until I got hold of it down in Woodford, where it had drifted with other books. During some cold, gloomy weather I got hold of it and, on the first perusal, I thought I saw something in it, and read it a second time with real pleasure and wonder.

"I became greatly interested in the author as well as in this and other of his works and read everything I could get hold of in regard to him. I came across Gilfillan's 'Literary Characters,' in which was a sketch of his young friend and admirer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Massachusetts, of whom

I had never heard before. I got some of his books and read them with interest.

"In 1859, I saw that the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was to be celebrated by a grand dinner in Boston. I determined to go, and I did.

"I did not know anyone in that city, never having been there before. I took a Long Island Sound boat in New York and arrived there to breakfast, the day the dinner was to be given, and went to the hotel where the festival was to be held, and, after registering, asked the clerk for a ticket to the Burns dinner. He told me that they were all sold. I then asked him the name and address of the secretary of the Burns Society, which he wrote out very legibly on a card.

"After breakfast I got a carriage and called on Mr. Tweedy, the secretary, at his place of business, and inquired of a neat and very pretty Yankee girl for that gentleman. She said Mr. Tweedy was at his country seat but would be in by nine o'clock.

"As it was not long, I asked permission to wait in the store till he came, which was politely granted. Mr. Tweedy was a manufacturer of hair ornaments and I took great interest in the work as it was shown me by the pretty girl. After a short time Mr. Tweedy drove up in his handsome coupe, walked into the store and saluted me most courteously. He was about five feet high and four feet broad, with gold spectacles and high forehead.

"When I told him of my mission he told me that all the tickets were sold. Not to be balked, I towered above Mr. Tweedy with 'Border Ruffian' beard and towering form, struck an attitude and said threateningly: 'Mr. Tweedy, I live upon the sunset side of the father of waters, and have come 1,500 miles to attend this festival, and you must forge me a ticket.' 'Certainly,' said Mr. Tweedy, 'Come back to my desk.' He filled out the ticket in due form and modestly said the price was six dollars.

"I nearly fainted, for six dollars in those days was a considerable sum of money, and as the cost of a dinner, was unheard of in my experience. But those sweet Yankee girls were looking on; so I promptly paid the money and betook myself to my carriage and stuck to it all day, as every square in Boston is a street and every street crooked. Late in the afternoon I went back to the hotel to prepare for dinner. I went into a barber shop and told the barber to cut out the best Boston face he could and to make me look like a Milk Street snob. This he did, and I was a sight to behold. I went down in the parlor where the guests were assembling. Not knowing anybody, I sidled up to a benevolent old gentleman who told me his name was Thayer and that he lived in Boston.

"I told him of my purpose in coming to the dinner and I would thank him to point out the celebrities, which he did. When dinner was announced, I took Mr. Thayer's arm and we walked into the dining-room, where some twelve hundred gentlemen were assembling.

"We got seats low down at one of the tables and, after waiting an unconscionable time, a Scotch waiter (everything was Scotch) brought us some soup, —very little in the plates.

"Remember, I was hungry, and having paid six dollars for the dinner, I did not want to destroy my appetite by taking a lunch; so I said to the waiter: 'Bring me a good dinner.'—I gave him a quarter,—and I will give you another when we are abundantly served.' He danced up and down the tables and, I will venture to say we had the best dinner of anyone at the table.

"After eating as much as several men ought to have eaten, I told our amiable waiter that if he would get me a seat up the table near the invited guests, I would give him half a dollar. He said, 'certainly,' and told me to follow him.

"He went up to the table and tapped a gentleman on the shoulder, saying to him, 'This is an invited guest.' Up jumped the gentleman and offered me his seat. Down I sat, not forgetting to give the waiter the promised half dollar. I was placed op-



posite Mr. Emerson, the man I especially wanted to see, N. P. Willis and Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is needless to say I enjoyed the speeches, poems, etc., amazingly. During a lull in the programme I spoke across the table to Mr. Emerson and asked the pleasure of pledging him in a glass of wine to the health of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, to which he responded promptly, 'With pleasure. I will drink to the health of the greatest Scotchman of the century!' and we emptied our glasses of champagne to his hero and mine.

"During the dinner, I asked a reporter sitting next to me, if I could get the manuscripts of Mr. Emerson's essay and Doctor Holmes' poem. He said if I would come down to the *Globe* office after they had set them in type, I might have the manuscripts.

"About two o'clock in the morning, I got a waiter to guide me to the *Globe* office and climbed up five or six flights of stairs to the composing room. The foreman came forward. I told him the purpose of my visit. He turned around and, speaking in a loud voice, said: 'Dr. Holmes, here is a gentleman who wants the manuscript of your poem.' He replied, 'He can get it when I have corrected this proof.' I went up to the table where he was busy with the proof and found a small man reading by a candle,—it was before the day of gas and electricity. He asked me how to spell some words and I told him the best I knew. He said, 'That is the way it is spelled in the proof but I think it is wrong and I prefer to have it spelled the other way.' After he had done with his proof correction, I got the manuscripts and have them yet. I asked Dr. Holmes to sign his autograph to the poem. He took up his pen and wrote the first word and, when he came to Wendell, he stopped and said he was a cousin of that 'pestilent abolitionist, Wendell Phillips,' and spelled his name the same way—and finished the autograph. We went downstairs together, and he asked me where I was stopping, and when we had walked together a square or two, he said he lived in another direction.

"I then asked him how I should proceed. He named some streets which were all Greek to me. He saw my perplexity and said he would not deserve to be called a Christian if he abandoned a stranger in the streets of Boston at that time of night and that he would go to my hotel with me and take a carriage home. He refused to let me pay for the carriage and I considered it then and have ever since a real act of charity. It showed that the little man had a big heart in his breast.

"As we went along he told me that he had not been living in Boston a great while and, shortly after he had gotten settled there, his son, a lad of ten or twelve years of age, the same boy who is now judge of the United States supreme court, went to the theater one night and forgot the street and the number of their residence; he went up to a policeman and, telling him his difficulty, asked to be locked in the police station all night,—in the morning he thought he could find out where he lived. This, he said, was done and 'the boy got home as they were eating breakfast.' I saw in a morning paper that Mr. Emerson was to lecture in Providence the next evening, and I took the afternoon train for that city.

"As good luck would have it Mr. Emerson took the same train, and occupied the same seat with me. Seeing the book in my hand, he asked me what it was. I told him the life of Arago. He said he had read it. I told him they said at Field's—the bookseller's—that it was only put on sale that day.

"He replied, 'That may be true, but I live in Concord and we have a public library; by an arrangement with the publishers, we get the first bound copies of the books we order, and it is sometimes a year before they are furnished to the book-stores.'

"Then we had a long talk which led to Carlyle, and he told me a number of interesting anecdotes about the great man, his wife and his residence in the country. He then said that I could find in his 'English Traits' a pleasing account of Carlyle.

When I told him I had not read it, he said if I would give him my address he would send it to me. I told him that I could get it at the book-stores and declined his kind offer.

"The reason I did this was because I lived in Western Missouri and was a 'Border Ruffian,' and the name of Gratz was not known to the public except through Gratz Brown, who was a flaming Republican, and I did not want to be identified with his party.

"After we reached Providence, Mr. Emerson asked me what hotel I put up at, and I told him I had never been in Providence before and merely came to hear him lecture. He proposed that I should go with him to the City Hotel, to which I agreed. I got my supper and then went to the smoking room, for they would not let you smoke except in a certain room.

"While I was sitting with my feet on the table, thinking over my long talk with Emerson, he came in and said that he had been looking for me. He saw I was smoking and said he smoked himself and would I go to his room with him.

"We went and had some further pleasant talk. I asked him if there are any gentle, soft spoken women in New England, as my acquaintance with New England women was limited to one, and she talked loud and was not to my liking at all. He said he was invited to supper after the lecture and if I would go with him, he would guarantee me a cordial reception and that I would see some of the loveliest women, the most scholarly, cultivated men I ever saw. For his experience was that the brightest and most cultivated minds were not known to the public. This I declined, saying that I could not take advantage of our scraped acquaintance to impose on his friends.

"The truth was, I was afraid of getting beyond my depth and might show my ignorance and lack of the higher culture they enjoyed. When the lecture committee called I bowed myself out, but not before Mr. Emerson said he wanted to see me when he got back from the supper.

"I went to the church where the lecture was to be given and could not get a seat. As I had been up nearly all night before, I went out just as Mr. Emerson and his friend drove up.

"I told Mr. Emerson my difficulty and he said to one of the gentlemen of the committee that he wanted his 'friend' to have a seat. 'Certainly,' said the gentleman, 'follow me.' We went into the basement, began to climb a stair and, before I knew it, we were ushered into the pulpit, which was as large as an ordinary room, filled with chairs occupied by gentlemen. Mr. Emerson and his 'friend' were invited to take seats on a sofa just behind the pulpit desk, and there was I, who had never faced an audience in my life and have never since to this very hour.

"Mr. Emerson leaned over and pointed out a seat below us, and said I could not tell what he meant by sitting behind him. I declined to become more conspicuous and sat bolt upright.

"People all over the house were whispering, and I felt sure they were asking who Mr. Emerson's distinguished 'friend' was, and, as neither he nor any one in the audience knew me from a side of sole leather, I felt safe. I was a much younger man than I am today, and so began looking up and down the pews for pretty girls, about 4,000 women being present in full view. Some of them were fresh and very pretty, but most of them had spectacles on and were rather passé. What struck me as most novel was the fact that eight out of ten of these women had knitting in their hands and plied the needles unceasingly while Mr. Emerson spoke. I was so bothered that I could not enjoy the lectures, thinking about how to get out of the scrape I was in, for Mr. Emerson's friends would naturally expect to be introduced to his distinguished 'friend,' who occupied so conspicuous a seat at the lecture; but how could he introduce me when he was totally ignorant of my name or whence I came? It would be as embarrassing to

him as to me. I hit upon a plan that worked to a charm. I made up my mind that as soon as Mr. Emerson was through speaking, I would slip down the steps from the pulpit and lose myself in the body of the audience. This I did, and did not see Mr. Emerson again until he returned from the supper, and then explained how I had relieved him and myself from the embarrassing position in which I was placed; at which he laughed heartily.

"In speaking of the lecture, I told him that it was so loaded with thought and reference that no one could remember a tithe of what he said. He replied that he did not expect his hearers to remember all that he said, but that a thought or allusion would cling to memory, here and there, and thus influence character, and make an impression.

"He told me that his life was a simple one; he worked on his farm and made a regular hand in the hayfield and that his health was better from the exercise acquired in this way; also that he could study to better advantage by this sort of interruption.

"I saw him next morning and we parted like bosom friends of very long acquaintance, and he had no more idea who I was, or where I came from than the man in the moon.

"The last shot Mr. Emerson had at me was through my Washington friend, Frank Blair, at whose house I had been staying, and to which I returned.

"Before I left for Boston, my friend urged me to put off my trip for a few days and go with him to Boston and he would introduce me to all the prominent men of New England, as he was going there to deliver a Free Soil lecture. I did not want to be mixed up with such a crowd, as I was an intense 'Border Ruffian,' and declined. After Frank Blair got back from Boston he said to me: 'You must be the damned fool that Emerson was telling about meeting there the week before.' I neither confessed nor denied, but suspected that I was the man."

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## Some Aspects of Music

By Vincent Starrett

I MAY as well confess that I do not understand the critiques of the musical critics; although frequently I enjoy them. My enjoyment, I think, arises from some happy thought, or a well-turned phrase—for the fellows are not illiterate. Some of them, indeed, have a quite engaging prose manner, and some a very decent sense of humor. It has been said, unkindly, of certain commentators, that they will sacrifice truth to attain a *mot*. I do not blame them a particle. A vast majority of opera- and theatergoers never read the criticisms of the following day, anyway, and for those of us who do something should be written which we may appreciate and understand.

Listening to grand opera with the ear of a professional critic must be a joyless occupation. Do you suppose the possessor of such an ear ever really enjoys his evening? On the contrary, the critic's enjoyment begins where the opera ends—that is, where his pencil or his typewriter commences. It is but natural that he weep for very happiness when he is seized with a quaint turn, more particularly if it contain a sting, and that he hammer it out without reference to its accuracy. That is part of *his* pleasure, poor chap, and indeed is about the only genuine pleasure either he or the casual reader of his critique may discover in his text. It is seldom enough that truth and wit exactly coincide.

Of course, musical criticism—dramatic, too, for that matter—is not written for the audience, but for the performers; or the performers' managers, or the advertising agent of the performers' company. So that if a critic be honest (save the mark!) he must also be brave. It is conceivable that an hilarious quip at the expense of an ex-



pensive tenor will anger that individual, and it is unlikely that he will include any such dubious compliment in his scrapbook. In France, or in Italy, an offensively honest critic might even be "called out" for a tactless bit of candour. Happily, in America, the duello is not looked upon with entire favor, and a critic may say almost anything it pleases him to say, without risking even a withdrawal of the daily advertisement, unless he be chronically and unnecessarily offensive.

I am personally acquainted with a number of musical critics, and the thought of one of my friends—any one—facing an irate tenor at the business end of a rapier fills me with happy laughter. I am sure any one of them would resign first—a terrific alternative, but that is my opinion. What a critic of the opera Whistler would have been, who, like *Cyrano*, would have climbed over the footlights, no doubt, to emphasize his disapproval with whatever came handy to his clutch!

Now, for my part, music means—largely—melody. Where there is no melody I can discover little music. True, I recognize melody where often another fails to find it, but that is beside the point. I recall sitting through a contemporaneous grand opera in hopeless fashion, bored to distraction by the fearful cacaphony to which others listened with rapture, to be quickened almost to the point of untimely applause by a spirited line or two in march time, introduced only for a moment as a company of soldiers marched across the stage. The drums quite inspired me, and were all that saved the opera, so far as I was concerned. Some famous arias, however, have left me entirely unmoved and wondering why I came, when I might have been enjoying three reels of Chaplin.

In its entirety, I think the "Jewels of the Madonna" pleased me more than any recent opera I have heard. The lilting serenade in the second act ravished me with its unusual melody; it rioted in my head for days, like Mark Twain's chromatic chorus about the "passenjare," and even, like that classic carol, adapted itself to the clickety-click of car wheels. I was really tremendously pleased with the "Jewels." It was gratifying, aside from the music, to see the tenor get in ahead of the baritone in the matter of *Malliella's* seduction. It had become maddening to watch the baritone triumph in those episodes, in most other operas, leaving the tenor to expire, sobbingly, just before the final curtain. I could never understand why there should be this discrimination by composers against tenors, although I am a baritone, myself, with villainous black hair; tenors, as everyone knows, are unchangeably blonde.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not go upon record as favoring seduction in any circumstances. At best, it is a dangerous business. The game is not worth the scandal. But if the soprano must fall victim to somebody, I think it only fair that the tenor should be given an even break. In the "Jewels," it is more than right that this should be so, for the baritone has far and away the best song in the entertainment.

I have always been glad, I think, that grand opera in English is neither frequent nor popular. Singing in a language understood by most of the listeners only emphasizes the absurdity of the libretto, and calls amused attention to the imperfect pronunciation of the imported stars. When the prima donna brings down the roof with her impassioned complaint about the cold supper to which she must sit down, I prefer to think she is *Nicolette* languishing for her lost love. In Italian, the most trivial remark suggests at least an invitation to come out and get killed. But who, after all, cares a jot about the words, whether they be French, English or Volapuk? Who bothers at all about the trifling matter of enunciation? Only the poor critic, whose sad business it is to be critical; who, of us all in the wide audience, fails to grasp the significant surge and sweep of that universal language, untranslatable, but compre-

hended of all Babel. With us from the auditorium goes that something that is not external, and in our dreams and after-days its antiphon is still with us; but the critic—poor, poor fellow!—he carries away with him the memory of someone's blunder, and in his head, as he goes forth into the night, already a glittering paradox is beginning to take shape.

Of course I know next to nothing about music. But for the purpose of this sacrilegious paper I have made certain inquiries. I find that a particular manifestation, which for years I have loathed, is known as a *cadenza* (pl. *cadenzas*). These useless and unbeautiful things, it seems to me, mark the extreme in musical verbosity; of anti-climax, or, rather, ante anti-climax. They are the composer's concession to the vocal instructor, injected into a composition to allow the artist to display the supreme point which her art has reached; or, more specifically, how much her voice will stand. They indicate subtly the amount of money spent on or by a singer. Not, dear me, that I object to voice training! Manifestly, without it we should sing our songs all upon one note, as my youngest brother sings "America," gathering volume as he progresses but constitutionally incapable of leaving the note on which he began. No, no, I object only to what I do not like. Yet my brother is "musically inclined!"

One hears much of persons who are "musically inclined," and, I confess, I once looked on the phrase with favor; but that was before I knew what it meant. Since I have married and cultivated an enforced interest in neighbors, I find that most people are musically inclined. With some the inclination runs to player-pianos, with others to victrolas. With all, apparently, it runs to sentimental balladry, and that is my grievance. I have reached, at length, a point of familiarity with player-pianos and victrolas and citizens who own them, such that, without batting an eye or turning a hair, I can name the playing repertoire of a perfect stranger. All I need is the information that he owns a player-piano, or a victrola. I will tell you what pieces he prizes most; I will almost tell you in which order he will play them.

The player-piano fiend is very likely to entertain a sneaking fondness for "Poet and Peasant," which (and the "Zenda Waltzes") usually comes with the piano. Dimly he recalls having heard it played by an orchestra in a glittering cafe, where once he ate supper with a traveling salesman, and the notion obsesses him that it is a "highbrow" composition. The fact that its melody pleases him, despite its thunderous profundity (or because of it), convinces him that he has an excellent musical understanding, and no little feeling. He stands in the stirrups at the approach of the *fortissimo* stencil, while the family holds its ears, and subsides with a sort of breathless awe at the PP approach. This is a dangerous ecstasy, for it grows upon him, and in time he is ordering recklessly such masterpieces as the "Sextette" from "Lucia," and the "Zampa Overture;" sitting up nights poring over roll lists, spending money not yet earned on compositions with vaguely familiar name—"Cavalleria Rusticana" (Selections), "Carmen Medley," "Bohemian Girl" (Potpourri), Leybach's "Fifth Nocturne," "William Tell Overture," "Blue Danube Waltzes," "Wedding of the Winds," "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling," "Flower Song" (Lange), "Alpine Storm" (Descriptive), "Apple Blossoms," "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2" (Liszt), and nine selections from "The Pink Lady."

He is very likely, also, as a concession to someone in the family, to bring home some evening "On the Banks of the Wabash," with jazz variations, but against this, I believe, the populace is secretly arming, and a prohibiting bill is being rushed through congress.

My chiefest grievance, however, is against the victrola nuisance, who tirelessly changes needles throughout an evening of sound and fury. His is a

repertoire to drive the gods to slaughter. Of his kind, each will vary his library with records to suit his particular whims, but inevitably each will buy, and what is worse, play, the following pieces:

"The Mocking Bird" (with bird note accompaniment); "Silver Threads Among the Gold" (tenor solo); "I Hear You Calling Me" (sung by John McCormack); "Anvil Chorus" (Il Trovatore); "Traumerei" (Cello); "Tales of Hoffman"—barcarolle (Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra); "Sing Me to Sleep" (soprano solo, with violin obligato); "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" (baritone solo); "My Little Persian Rose" (Cheerless Sextette); "A Perfect Day" (male quartette).

The prize items of such a collection are likely to be Paderewski's "Minuet," played by Josef Hoffmann, and "Annie Laurie," sung by Alice Nielson. They are saved for the closing numbers of the performance, when one is visiting, produced reverently by the possessor, with a casual reference to their cost, and gently adjusted. The machine is carefully wound, the needle changed, and the time-stop mathematically set. After these earnest preparations, the host tip-toes away to a chair and leans his cheek upon his hand. Usually it develops that he has miscalculated in setting his time limit, and the skipping "Minuet" runs down with a sobbing gasp, to the horror of the entertainer and the secret delight of the listener. This necessitates repeating the piece, and the encore is punctuated by the distant clatter of refreshment plates, as the lady of the house, happily humming "Bluebird" in opposition to the victrola, rustles dishes and cuts cake in the kitchen. And this is the end of a perfect day.

There are times when I cordially hate the victrola musician, who, at other moments, I make no doubt, is a very decent fellow; but the fault is his own. In spite of their painful familiarity, one *can* stand for the Barcarolle or the Minuet, the "Anvil Chorus," and even "Traumerei." It is when the "Mocking Bird" and "Silver Threads" are trotted out that I begin to see red, and my fingers itch for my friend's throat . . . poor, silly, ignorant, happy ass!

"Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who writes its laws," someone has said, in a moment of exaltation. I have no such ambitious desire. I ask only that I may be allowed to choose the victrola records of my neighbors. Grant me this privilege, and I care not who writes a nation's songs.

♦♦♦♦

## Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

### IV. MAKING THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

I REMEMBER reading a considerable number of books of travel in Persia, mostly written during the nineteenth century. In fact I have read all I have had in reach. The Persians, ancient and modern, are a most interesting people. They were studying geometry and astronomy in Greek and imitating the great Greek poets at a time our "Anglo-Saxon ancestors" could speak nothing but low German and could not read at all. Besides, at some time or other, when there were so few people in the world that they did not find each other intolerable, the Persians, being the first cousins of our sort of people, lived in an adjoining valley and spoke the same language. Our kind of people were perhaps as polite at that time as the Persians are still—when they are in a good humor—as they usually are when their sense of justice is not operating too strongly.

I ought to explain at this point that I am making observations on the sense of justice—not the Persians, ancient and modern. It is because the modern Persians are still ancient in their devotion to justice that I begin with them, and the explanation of the number of books I have read about them.



# Does Horace Rhyme?

By John B. Quinn

THE articles recently contributed to the MIRROR by Mr. William Vincent Byars on the "Rhymes of Horace" and the "Reading of Latin Verse," have been very illuminating and are the most important practical contributions to classical research on these subjects of which I know. If others, heretofore, have pointed out a rhyming arrangement in the odes of Horace, it is not developed in any of the texts with which I have an acquaintance, published during the last fifty years. I have been aware of Mr. Byars' views for more than twenty years. He published them about 1895 but did not illustrate them as clearly then as in his recent articles.

Poe observed and suspected rhyme as an element of Greek verse and in Horace and alluded to the fact, but I doubt whether he comprehended Horatian melodies, judging from his scheme of reading the first ode to Maecenas, as anapestic. He uses Horatian rhyme schemes, such as Mr. Byars points out, in his poem "The Bells," but not consciously. Reference has been made to the polyphonic prose of Miss Amy Lowell as similar to Horatian melodies. An example from "Can Grande's Castle" will illustrate the allusion:

*"The post boy flicks his whip, the horses start forward. Red windows 'rough flecking trees. Blood-red windows grown dimmer behind him, until they are only a shimmer in the distance. His eyes smart, searching for their faint glimmer through blowing trees. His eyes smart with tears, and fears which seem to haunt him. All night he drives through Guildford, over Hindhead, on his way to Portsmouth."*

Now compare with this the following measured verse in the opening ode from Horace to Maecenas, illustrated and loosely translated thus by Dr. Nuttall (Stirling's Horace, 1824):

Hunc si	mo-bi-li-um	+ tur-ba Qui-ri-ti-um
Cer-tat,	ter-ge-mi-nis	+ tol-le-r'o-nor-i-bus;
Ill-um,	si pro-pri-o	+ con-di-dit hor-re-o
Quic-quid	de Li-by-cis	+ ver-ri-tur a-re-is;
Gau-den-	tem pa-tri-os	+ fin-de-re sar-cu-lo
A-gros	At-ta-li-cis	+ con-di-ti-o-ni-bus
Nun-quam	di mo-ve-as	+ ut tra-be Cy-pri-a
Myr-to-	um-pa-vi-dus	+ nau-tase-cet ma-re.

Dr. Nuttall says further: "On reading the first four lines of the preceding Latin extract according to the metrical rhythm intended by Horace, we shall perceive that the first, third and fourth lines are perfect rhymes and jingle on the ear precisely in the same manner as the translation.

One by factious debate + aims at employs of state;  
This from Lybia's plain + sweeps to his barns the grain;

That with labouring toil + ploughs his paternal soil  
While in wishes thus blest + riches by kings possess  
Would not tempt them to brave + dangers of ocean's wave.

[Note, also, the syllabic rhymes in the initial and final syllables of each strave.]

Dr. Nuttall does not state, as Mr. Byars shows, that Horace rhymes continuously. But he sets forth the principles upon which Horace particularly and Latin poetry generally should be read to bring out its musical qualities. These principles are in accordance with Mr. Byars' dictum and the criticism made by our excellent Latinist, Professor E. V. Ghidoni, who maintains the usual pronunciation of Latin in schools and colleges is faulty (abominable!) and not classical:

1. Latin verse should be read grammatically and in time and not according to accent. (Poe would disregard quantity.)

2. That the acute accent on a short syllable does not stress the syllable (i.e., lengthen its time), but makes the vowel time sharp, requiring a slight elevation of voice with a swift light movement; the grave accent causes a depression of the voice and

In one of these books, which I think was written between 1800 and 1850, the traveller saw the sense of justice operating on an "abandoned wretch," so fully that no one could say he was not getting all he deserved.

The wretch in question was buried up to his neck at the roadside. Nothing but his head could be seen. He was completely "abandoned." Every one understood why he was buried. No one spoke to him. No one gave him food or drink. As long as life lasted, he could move his head from side to side, and groan or shriek in agony. That was all. He could make no other movement. If he begged for mercy, he got none. Any one who interfered with justice, out of pity for him, might have been buried up to the neck by his side. So at last accounts, more than half a century ago, nothing but his head was to be seen above the ground at the roadside and he was still satisfying the Persian sense of justice by dying helplessly in the long-drawn agony of thirst and starvation.

At times (and quite recently) I have been strongly moved by the sense of justice. I have observed certain persons until it seems to me on the evidence that they deserve justice,—that they ought to have it, and that I ought to do my part in "bringing them to justice."

It was in that connection that I began meditating on the Persian sense of justice. If certain persons I know of were buried up to the neck at the side of the road, I might explain to them what justice means. But even then, something might be lacking. I might supply it. It might be a little honey.

This is something I could not have thought out myself. It is beyond me. We think we have the most remarkable intellects in the world. We overestimate ourselves. We are obtuse in many things compared to the Persians and their oriental neighbors. Burying a wretch, who is past forgiveness, up to his neck to die of hunger and thirst, is old and commonplace in some oriental countries, besides Persia. Somewhere in one of them, some one with a subtle mind made a discovery and showed the authorities how to make the punishment fit the crime of the worst of all possible wretches. After such a wretch was properly buried, with nothing but his head showing, a little honey might be smeared on his forehead and cheeks. When flies and wasps swarmed to the honey, he could not drive them away during the week or more of agony it might take him to die of hunger and thirst.

I know of several people who seem to me to deserve nothing but justice. They are nearly all famous, and some of them are the most famous people in the world. They are responsible for the oppression, the degradation, the unspeakable suffering, the deaths of millions. What punishment could be adequate for them? If I saw one of them buried up to his neck, with his face smeared with honey, and tormented by swarms of flies and wasps while he was dying of hunger and thirst, could I forgive and show mercy far enough to drive the flies away only once and give him a single drink of water?

That question has another question for its answer:—"Must crimes be punished but by other crimes, and greater criminals?"

Among the very ancient Persians, who were taught by Zoroaster, the worst possible crime, the cause of all other crimes, was supposed to be lying. They are supposed to be responsible for our knowledge of the existence of the devil as the "father of lies." To be the worst of all liars, he must have a very subtle and active intellect, which I suppose makes him fit to invent methods of making the punishment fit the crime. Perhaps he can think of something with more subtle genius in it than the touch of honey as above, which perhaps, under his alias of Beelzebub, the lord of lies, he may have suggested. At any rate only the devil, under some one of his aliases, might be able to make the punishment fit the crime for some of those who seem to me to deserve justice. All I have to say is, "Kyrie eleison. Do not ask for justice."

lengthens the time. (Poe, contrary to classical authority, regards an accented syllable as a long syllable.)

3. That the vowel elements when long require twice the time for utterance as when short; and that some uniform musical characteristic be taken in giving sounds to the respective long and short vowels as in Italian; or, in other words, that the quality of the tone of long and short *a, e, i, o, u* be the same as being produced by the speech organs in the same positions but differing only in time.

Now Mr. Byars demonstrates that if Horace is read grammatically and in "time," then "his rhymes will appear throughout as a result of the syntax of the Latin language and of his way of handling it."

To illustrate the foregoing principles I am trying an experiment in translating Horace's ode to Apollo, the sixth of the fourth book, beginning "*Dive, quem proles Niobeae magnae*," etc., which I render: "Phoebus, fair god, whom Niobe's brood, awed," etc.

In the Greek word Niobe, the acute accent is on the *i* and a grave accent on the *e*, and as the *i* is short, the Latin word Niobe is pronounced with *i* and *o* short and *e* long. In English, the Century Dictionary preferably pronounces the *i* long in Niobe and places the accent on the first syllable, and if in reading the Latin one followed analogy the melody would be shifted and be made inharmonious.

This ode is an example of one of Horace's Sapphics. He gives a guide to the reading of this form of verse in the following lines of the same ode.

*Lesbium servate pedem, meique*

*Pollicis ictum,*

Or, as I render it,

"Mark the Lesbian beat, as my thumb with light blow

Measures the time right."

This is a key for English students of Latin to take the Sapphics of Horace and read them in correct time, if attention is paid to the principles given above, and also illustrates in English, Mr. Byars' discovery of a measure of trochees weighted by spondees as a rhythmic element in Latin, Hebrew and Greek hymns, which may lead to a revival of the ancient learning, music and languages. Take the following stanzas from his well-known ode to Lalage and notice the rhyme, taking care to bring out the long syllables clearly when reading aloud. Also note in reading, that the last syllable of each line is long:

*"Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,  
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque*

*Juppiter urget;*

*"Pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
Solis in terra domibus negata  
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem."*

(BOOK I, ODE 22.)

Place me on barren northern plains,  
With cheerless skies above,  
Or where the clouds bring drenching rains  
And noxious air, I'd love;  
Or place me where 'neath sun's fierce heat,  
No habitations rise,  
I'd love Lalage's voice so sweet,  
And sparkling, soulful eyes.

And his "Persicos odi."

*"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,  
Displicent nexae philyra coronae;  
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum  
Sera moretur.*

*"Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
Sedulus curo: neque te ministrum  
Dedecet myrtus neque, me sub arcta,  
Vite bibentem."* (BOOK I, ODE 38.)

I loathe, my lad, this Persian show,  
Of chaplets wove on linden rind,  
So now your anxious search forego  
A tardy rose to find.  
Let myrtle plain be woven so,—  
It suits your rank and soothes my mind,  
Whene'er I drink beneath a row  
Of arching vines entwined.



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## Irish Folk-Song

Victor Lichtenstein

What would the average American say to you if you informed him that the Jew of today is leading the world in art, literature, science, and above all, in music? Would he believe you? Perhaps! And if you were to tell him that historical research proves beyond peradventure of doubt that musical Germany got her first lessons in musical art from Irishmen,—well! You may tell that to the Danes!

Now, the most ignorant Irishman seldom mispronounces a double *e*; he doesn't say "swate" for "sweet" or "mayte" for "meet." He will say "trayte" for "treat," and "mayte" for "meat," but that is because he adopts the pronunciation of the diphthong "ea" from Spenser and Shakespeare!

And suppose Sir Herbert Tree were to ask John McCormack to sing songs in Irish (that is if John could), in say a Shakespearean production? Why, it would melt the heart of every Celt in the audience.

Could you convince the average American that within half a century after the death of Alexander the Great, before Rome had conquered the rest of the Italian peninsula, the Celtic

speech was the language of Europe (excepting Greece, Italy and Spain)?

Mommsen said that "they destroyed many empires, but were never able to found one." Mommsen, being German, could not comprehend the reason—the individualism of the Irish race.

Nowhere is this individualism so marked as in their arts, especially in music. . . . "No enemy speaks slightly of Irish music, and no friend need fear to boast of it. Its antique war tunes such as those of O'Brien, O'Donnell, Brian Boru, stream and crash upon the ear like the warriors of a hundred glens meeting, and you are borne with them to the battle charge. Did ever a wail make man's marrow to quiver and fill his nostrils like the 'ululu' of the North or the 'wirrasthru' of Munster?" (Thomas Davis.)

And why do not concert singers make more use of Celtic songs, songs that cover the entire gamut of the emotional life? Songs of joy? Not many, but how about Samuel Lover's "Barney O'Hea"? Songs of sorrow? Thousands of them: Wagner or Schubert or Beethoven would have been proud had they created such glorious melodies as "By That Lake Whose Gloomy Shore," or "Silent, O Moyle, Be the Roar of Thy Water," or that majestic ballad, "Ere the Long Roll of the Ages End."

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enacted in 1367 forbade the Irish minstrels to enter the Pale, and made it an offence against the law to give them shelter. How doth history repeat itself?

\*\*\*\*\*

This fragmentary sketch was written to call your attention to a group of Irish songs which John McCormack will sing at his concert tonight. Pity the Odeon hasn't a capacity of three or four thousand, so that an artist of his quality would not be compelled to appear in the Coliseum.

♦♦♦

"Over in New York they have an odd play; it had only two actors in it." "That's nothing. I have seen plays without any actors at all in them."—*Washington Post*.

♦♦♦

"Is the medicine you have for your rheumatism used internally or externally?" "Eternally, I guess. I've used nine bottles and it hasn't helped me yet."—*Boston Transcript*.



## Letters from the People

### Let's Have No Constitution

Grand Junction Colo.,  
January 21, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your issue of January 17, 1919, you fall in with Governor Gardner's suggestion for a new constitution according to measure, taking note of the out-grown condition of the old one.

How comes it that your observation didn't suggest the in-utility of any constitution?

Evolution keeps even pace with time, society being ever in a state of flux, while a constitution is procrustean.

Should not a democracy as readily adapt itself to changing social conditions as the skin of the boy adapts itself to his growth into manhood?

Why not abolish the constitution, and with it, the legislature, with its verminous appendix—the lobby—and make it easy to initiate measures, having a state printery to bind them in convenient form, on good, thin paper, and mail to every registered voter, say three months in advance of voting day?

The people would have plenty of time to mill around and educate themselves, and every law would emanate from the people, repealing every antecedent conflicting law, leaving to the courts only the matter of construction.

GEORGE BULLOCK.

### Will Congress Forget It?

January 24, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

By the fourth paragraph of Section 8 of the Federal Constitution "Congress is given power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes."

Congress, by the first paragraph of the same section, has power to provide for the general welfare.

Congress, by paragraph 18 of the same section, has power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States."

The Supreme Court held, in 1824, in *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, through Chief Justice Marshall, that commerce is both traffic and intercourse, trade and personal relationships, and, in the instant case, navigation as well.

The point is that the Prohibition Amendment gives no power to Congress which it did not already possess; and it will be seen upon analysis that this Prohibition Amendment does not impose upon Congress any legislative duties which it was not previously under.

Under the original Constitution, Congress had the power in the regulation of commerce to prohibit the manufacture, sale or transportation within, the importation into, or the exportation from, the country, of intoxicating liquors.

The Prohibition Amendment is just an act of Congress under the guise of an amendment, and goes no farther and is of no greater validity than an act of Congress. This is true because

the Congress, under the old Constitution, could have enacted this amendment as a law; and the fact that it is an amendment and not a law does not change its essential character so as to give it greater power or dignity than a law would have. It differs from an act of Congress, as ordinarily drawn, in that it prohibits certain acts as to intoxicating liquor, and there stops without descending into details or regulations for the enforcement of its terms.

It is true that Congress and the several states are given concurrent power to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation. But it is just as true that neither Congress nor the states are under obligation to use the power. They are not commanded by the amendment to exercise such power, but only given discretion to exercise the power if they choose. Why?

Manifestly the amendment itself is legislation, not constitutional enactment. Of itself it prohibits the liquor traffic. It fails to pursue its legislative course and prescribe crimes, penalties and details of enforcement. For whose fault?

Those who drew it failed to understand the difference between a constitutional amendment and legislation. They put in an amendment what was legislation and left out of the amendment methods of enforcement. Not only that, they failed to impose upon Congress the duty of enacting enforcing provisions.

Congress has the same option with

reference to the enactment of civil and criminal legislation touching the liquor traffic that it had before the amendment. Its enactments when made on these subjects will be no more constitutional than if the amendment had not been adopted. It is no more under duty than before to enact civil and criminal legislation to suppress the liquor traffic. It is precisely in the position it would have been in, had it, in the regulation of commerce, prohibited the liquor traffic in terms of the amendment, and stopped with that, without providing penalties or means for its enforcement.

As Congress saw fit for more than a hundred years to overlook the "commerce clause" and the "general welfare clause" in its failure to enact national prohibition, it is equally in a position to neglect the prohibition amendment which grants to Congress no power it had not had before; and leaves Congress under no command to legislate upon the subject of the liquor traffic in respect to enforcing prohibition.

As to the states, they had the power, before the amendment, to suppress the traffic within their boundaries, and ever since the days of *Leasey vs. Hardin*, to prevent the importation of liquors into their jurisdictions. The power to enforce this amendment adds nothing to the power they now have. Before the amendment they were bound to enforce the Federal Constitution and laws that Congress made in pursuance thereof, by Congress or by any of the

and they are required to do no more now.

It is true that from now on, legislatures in support of the liquor traffic would be unconstitutional or likely to be so. But this is not to say that the failure of Congress or the states to legislate under this amendment is a dereliction of duty on the part of either. And the history of the amendments relating to the enfranchisement of the negro is illuminating on the subject of what can be done by mere neglect or by guiding the legislative stream through the tortuous clauses of a constitutional amendment.

ELMER CHUBB,  
Ph. D., LL. D.

### Where the League of Nations Leaks

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Another Hague tribunal, it is evident, is to be created by the peace conference at Paris. The resolution just adopted there for the establishment of a League of Nations makes no provision for a Federation to which national sovereignties must be surrendered in part—the only kind of federation which might reasonably be expected to avert future wars. It provides only for the creation of an impotent court of arbitration such as existed prior to the war of 1914.

Warfare springs only from "non-justiciable" issues, or issues said to involve the "honor" of one or both of the nations involved. Its actual basis is



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oftenest economic, but not for purposes of publicity. To stimulate the populace to sacrifice, the invariable pretext is offered that the national honor has been affronted.

The obvious way to avert wars, therefore, is to eliminate non-justiciable questions, and that can be done only by the surrender in part of sovereignty, of which "honor" is an attribute. Darwin P. Kingsley has pointed out that the first constitution of the United States was hopelessly incompetent because it made no provision for the surrender of any part of the states' sovereignty to the central government, and that it was not until after prolonged

wrangling that the present viable federation was achieved.

It is only by providing that every dispute arising between nations shall be justiciable—shall be subject to arbitration—that war can be made illegal and thus averted. Theoretically the law ought to offer a recourse for every wrong. The Hague Tribunal was a failure because its jurisdiction was limited, and it is now proposed to repeat that experiment.

We can most easily arrive at the core of this matter by comparing warfare with duelling. Time was when duelling was a legal procedure and was

fashionable, when an affronted individual might assuage his "honor" by challenging the offender to a test of skill with the pistol or rapier. When that procedure was made illegal, and it was established that the courts offered ample recourse even when "honor" was involved, duelling went out of style. Even the "unwritten law" is obsolescent. But nowadays countries do, in the mass, what it has become unlawful for the individual to do, and seek to satisfy "honor" by mass slaughter. To the powerful that procedure powerfully appeals, and they maintain its legality.

And so we find the Paris resolution deeply concerned with "breaches of the

laws of war," and with the responsibility of the Germans for offenses against the "customs" of war. (Apparently there is no intention to inquire whether the Allies have offended against those "customs"). Warfare is thus to be imbedded more firmly than ever in the structure of international jurisprudence, instead of being made unlawful.

Already the situation in the far east is ripe for the provocation of struggle, pregnant with "non-justiciable" issues. It is possible that the Peace Conference may take steps to remedy those conditions, but the censorship, the secesses, and the lamentable surrender in the matter of a League of Nations offers cold comfort to those who had hoped for it.

SILAS BENT.

New York City, Jan. 26.

### The German Fleet

Fort Worth, Jan. 22, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Some say, "Sink the German fleet;" others, "Divide it among the Allies;" others, "Give it to Belgium and other small nations," etc. etc.

If I were Caesar, this is the way I would crack that nut: I would take off its guns and turrets and its armour plating. Then I would give the skeletons to Germany to convert into merchantmen.

Then, out of the material I had taken, I would build a monument on Heligoland. On this I would place a statue of the Kaiser. Around it I would put an illuminated sign, reading: "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Night and the lesson would be before the eyes of the Germans; in time they might learn it.

E. M.

### Christian Science and Prohibition

St. Louis, January 27, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

"Mild Toper's" indictment of the attitude of Christian Science towards the liquor traffic in REEDY'S MIRROR of the 24th, on the ground that Christian Scientists have had occasion to defend their practice from legal proscription at the instance of the medical fraternity, entirely ignores the fact that you cannot put that which lends itself to the degradation of humanity on a par with that which makes for the physical, moral, and spiritual well-being of the race, any more than you can put "the works of the flesh" which St. Paul depicted so graphically to the Galatians on a par with "the fruit of the Spirit."

It is true that Christian Scientists have opposed and must oppose any and all efforts to interdict their practice; but they have done so and will continue to do so on the simple ground that the healing of the sick is an integral part of their religion, as it was of the religion of Christ Jesus and his immediate followers—freedom of which, as all are aware, is guaranteed by the Constitution of the country in which we live.

There is, however, an infallible remedy for prohibition, as well as for the disastrous self-indulgence the latter is designed to prohibit, and this remedy



is Christian Science. The thousands who have been healed of this particular appetite through the teachings of Christian Science are living illustrations that if all mankind were genuine Christian Scientists prohibition would cease to be a necessity, because the appetite and the provision for gratifying the appetite would have ceased to exist.

JOHN ASHCROFT,  
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

### The Burial of a Cliché

New York, January 25, 1919.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

One excellent result of the entry into public affairs of the fair sex, will be the final interment of the trite reflection that "Politics make strange bedfellows." The possibilities of a bad break in that direction are too numerous not to deter all but the hardiest.

J. J. M.

### The Packers' Motive

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Apropos of the advertising campaigns of the meat packers, print the following, showing how the editorial room is expected to "co-operate" with the advertising department.

W. G.

Hayworth Building, Chicago.  
Publisher *Bugle* (fictitious):

We are desirous of having a report in regard to the co-operation extended by you during Swift & Co.'s recent advertising campaign, which has expired or is about to expire.

It will be to your advantage to let us have a reply at once. It is of the utmost importance that you give this your immediate attention.

(Signed)

STACK ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
January, 1919. C. B. P.

## Ads to Posterity

Those advertising poems or poem-advertisements by Mr. Addison Lewis, of Minneapolis, which have appeared in the *MIRROR* have evoked the appended letter from the editor of *The New World*, "Lincoln Phifer's Paper Magazine—The World's Greatest Little Comfort Sheet."

Rosedale, Kansas,  
January 24, 1919.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I have read with unusual interest the "Advertisements to Posterity," originated by Addison Lewis and printed in *REEDY'S MIRROR*. The conception I regard as very clever and logical, and the treatment is good indeed.

The only criticism I can offer is that so far as I have observed Mr. Lewis' efforts lack the advertising quality. The display tells no story, and specifies no want, or where to fill a want were it suggested. Take the displayed words, "Wheels, Wheels, Wheels," in one of his latter efforts,—there is no punch to that.

I enclose you an advertisement for the Now, modeled on Mr. Lewis' line, and to be printed in *The New World* for February. If you wish you may reproduce it, as an amplification of the Lewis origination.

Please to notice that the displayed words, within themselves, tell the story; that there is a definite advertising quality; that a specific want is expressed; that the place for the relief of the want is told. Moreover, the appeal is very personal.

Is it poetry? Well, consider the suggestions and let your mind fill in the pictures that are barely outlined, and judge by this.

Is it prayer? Where is there a greater or more general prayer than the complaint of men? If God answers the prayers of the twos and threes, he ought to respond to this really big petition, one that dwarfs anything ever presented anywhere.

Yours for good, whether old or new,  
LINCOLN PHIFER.

The advertisement written by Mr. Phifer is reproduced immediately above this article. It is, perhaps, unfair to compare it as an "ad" with Mr. Lewis' efforts, for Mr. Lewis in his theory and practice eschews cuts, while Mr. Phifer's ad contains a cut as an important feature, undoubtedly helpful to the letter press.

Mr. Phifer's criticism was turned over

to Mr. Addison Lewis, who makes reply, thus:

"Mr. Phifer's criticism of the various Advertisements for Posterity which have appeared under my hand in *REEDY'S MIRROR* indicates that he has mastered the advertising form, but has failed to grasp their spirit.

"These Advertisements to Posterity employ the means of advertising better to display the wares of poetry, but must always, to be successful, be completely subservient to the poetical expression they reflect; in other words, the expression must be poetry not only in theme, but in actual word usage, first, last and all the time, and the advertising form merely the vehicle, as iambic pentameter is a vehicle for a certain sort of formal versification and free verse "so called" a vehicle for another form, the essence in all three cases remaining poetry. Mr. Phifer's composition is no doubt a good advertisement, but it fails I believe as a poem.

"My Advertisements to Posterity may also fail as poems, but my chief intention is to make them poetry first, the better to convey them to the reader by using advertising means."

# Wanted—A New World!



A world in which the birds, winged and musical survivors of a destroyed world, do not have to pick sparse crumbs from the covering snow—

In which hapless fishes, pitiable remains of a world in which they once lived in both air and water, shall not be frozen into the one element to which they were degraded and in which they are hunted—

In which men do not have to prey on the old vegetable world in order to exist, or burn the relics of the dead coal age to keep from freezing.

## Things Are Not Right, Now

Even the children cannot play in comfort.

Man calls his greatest hope, Heav-en. It is full of storm.

God has no right to expect much good from anything, the shape the world is in.

## Who Can Give Us a New World? GOD!

He has promised it.

Every complaint and curse is a prayer for it.

Everybody wants it.

All life needs it.

We are miserable and mean in this one.

## Give It to Us, Now

Lincoln Phifer

In the new style of verse set as display advertising originated by Addison Lewis. See *Reedy's Mirror*, St. Louis.

## Marts and Money

They feel a trifle better on the New York stock exchange, though the average value of leading issues indicates no change of real importance. Hopeful conclusions are drawn from the abolition of restrictive rules concerning loans, from the increased resiliency of some representative quotations, and from vague talk that the industrial depression should be neither long nor disastrous.

There was striking expansion in the volume of buying the day after the declaration of the usual quarterly \$2.50 on Bethlehem "B" shares, which for some weeks had been heavily pressed for sale on predictions of a radical cut in the dividend. Precipitous covering of short contracts led to advances ranging from five to seven points. Bethlehem "B" rose from 55½ to 62, and Steel common from 88¾ to 94. During the flutter around the room, traders took scant notice of the Bethlehem directors' decision that for the future half of the annual ten per cent "B" dividend shall be termed "extra." Hitherto all quarterly payments have been wholly "regular." The change in pol-



## Wedding Stationery

### Of Quality and Distinction

**Q**UALITY in the paper and style and correctness in the engraving.

Stationery bearing the Jaccard imprint will be carefully fitted to your taste and needs and will have the unmistakable air of superior workmanship.

Wedding Announcements

Wedding Invitations

At Home Cards

Reception Cards

Calling Cards

Business Cards

Birth Announcements

Monograms and Dies

Crests and Coats of Arms

Business Stationery

Society Stationery

Mourning Stationery

Banquet Menus

Beautifully engraved and executed in a prompt and efficient manner.

Samples Upon Request.

# JACCARD'S

Exclusive Jewelers  
and Stationers

NINTH AND LOCUST STREETS

icy plainly signifies fear of such a change in industrial affairs as may necessitate the elimination of "extra" dividends altogether. In the face of this, further substantial recovery in the price of "B" shares can be looked for solely if the remaining short contracts are much more numerous and much more extensive than is generally suspected.

After touching 94, Steel common broke back to 91, where it met a large number of supporting orders, purchasers being of the belief, apparently, that all the untoward factors, present and prospective, had been sufficiently discounted in market values. This cannot be thought a bad idea, considering that things have been tending downward, with only few inconsequential interruptions, ever since September. Brokers declared that some of their most successful customers had lately espoused the long side of Steel common and of some other prominent stocks on quite ambitious scales. Explanatorily, they argued that Steel common is legitimately rated at 91, the net yield being about ten per cent, assuming that the imminent action of the finance committee will provide for the regular \$1.25 and at least \$1 "extra." According to parties supposed to have authentic infor-

mation, the corporation's report for the final quarter of 1918 should reveal a good-sized deficit if the common dividend is again fixed at \$3.25, inclusive of the "extra" amount. In anticipation of action on the part of the committee, Chairman Gary deemed it expedient to put forth a soothing, reassuring statement about industrial conditions. He insisted that "if everybody did what is to be done, there would not be enough men to do the work." A very ambiguous, though convenient, generality, this. The old fellow might as well have laid down the sapient dictum that if everybody decided to buy Steel common, there wouldn't be enough stock to go around. It was Talleyrand who said that language had been invented to hide thoughts. The bull crowd pretended to feel highly pleased with Gary's statement, but the bears shot out their under-lips and asserted that they would renew selling operations on the first "hard spot."

It's plain that the industrial confusion is making headway, and causing furrows on many highbrows in the financial district of New York and other cities. The disposition to think long and hard is fostered also by the report from London that the British govern-

ment has ordered reductions of fifty to seventy per cent in ocean freight rates. The immediate outcome of this was a \$4 break in the quoted value of Mercantile Marine preferred, which has given many an exciting hour to the speculative community since 1916. The ruling price of 98 compares with 125½ on November 6, 1918. There have been no directorial meetings in the last few weeks to debate the question of transferring or selling ships to either the American or British government. The last adjournment may have been *sine die*. Getting somewhat dull in Wall street,—don't you think?

Railroad shares remain in a state of neglect. The most mobile proposition is Texas & Pacific, which prior to the oil craze used to be one of the honorary members of the cat and dog department. How times have changed, my, oh my! There's old Union Pacific common, monotonously moving between 126 and 127½, with none so poor or rich to do it reverence. It nets purchasers about eight per cent at the present valuation. Pennsylvania, the premier railroad stock, clings to such an undignified price as 45, though it is owned in fee simple by more than one hundred thousand people. Par value is \$50. New York Central, which sold at 174½ in 1905, when E. H. Harriman bought large amounts of it, is obtainable at 72 at this moment. And there's many a trader who professes doubt as to whether it should be considered cheap even at 72, the yearly dividend being only five per cent. Both investors and speculators hesitate about placing purchasing orders for railroad issues, the severe depreciation in the past two years notwithstanding. They stolidly wait for a display of initiative in eminent circles. Will it come in the near future? Who can tell, in view of the apparently hopeless palavers in congress and commissions? However, there are quite a few unterrifiable optimists who calmly advise their friends and followers to "take on" a long line of any good railroad stock and to increase it every time prices relapse a few points. They think that the worst is over, and that the beneficial effects of accumulative buying should soon become visible in pleasurable fashion.

There's nothing of particular interest going on in the railroad bond list, either. Quotations are just about steady, after their declines of three to six points since November. Demand is confined chiefly to issues of a more or less speculative character, selling at less than 75. There are plenty of real bargains. The market for Liberties is soft most of the time. It is affected by hints that the interest rate on the prospective Victory loan will be 4½ per cent. The present value of the fourth issue of 4¼s is 94.42. The third 4s are valued at 93.22. The rate for call loans fluctuates between 3½ and 4 per cent. It is sufficiently low to encourage operations *a la hausse* on the stock exchange. But it is said that the high contracting powers have solemnly promised to discountenance any and all attempts at starting something of consequence before the flotation of the Victory loan.

These are lively days, though, on the cotton exchanges. Nearly every day

brings "violent fluctuations." In New York the May contract broke to 20.20 cents lately. This is close to the level (19) which I considered a reasonable valuation, about two months back, for the readjustment period. During the height of the boom cotton prices were close to 40 cents a pound. There are signs of grave unsettlement in the British cotton industry. It is accentuated by the drastic cut in ocean freight rates above referred to. The French commission, we are told, has been buying on a big scale in the last two weeks. This seems credible. At any rate, the liquidation on the cotton exchanges has been extensive enough to justify scaled buying orders from now on, both for speculation and manufacturing purposes.

### Finance in St. Louis

National Candy common continues in broad demand on the local stock exchange. More than three hundred shares were sold at 70 to 77.50 in the last few days. Buyers are of the opinion that 85 will be reached in the near future. The stock paid \$10 in 1918, half of which represented an extra disbursement. There's a steady—though not large—demand also for Hydraulic-Press Brick preferred, now quoted at 34. Not long ago purchases could be made at 11 and 12. The common stock is quiet, and still obtainable at 6. Fifty Hamilton-Brown Shoe brought 138.50. This denotes an advance of about twelve points when compared with last year's minimum. The banking section is a little more active, with prices firm at or around previous figures. One hundred Bank of Commerce were transferred at 120, fifty Mercantile Trust, at 340, and fifteen Franklin Bank, at 297.50. There have been several important transactions in the last-named stock in the past two or three weeks. The dividend rate is 12 per cent per annum. United Railways shares and bonds show no changes of consequence in their quoted values. A few of the 4 per cent bonds were sold at 50½. For the year 1918 the United Railways Co. has reported a total revenue of \$13,639,618.56, and net earnings of \$2,140,572.58. After charges of \$2,540,871.76, there was a deficit of \$400,299.18. For 1917 net earnings were \$3,166,206.37; for 1916 \$3,432,118.56.

### Latest Quotations

	Bid	Asked
Boatmen's Bank.....	111	.....
Nat. Bank of Commerce....	118	120
United Railways pfd.....	14	15
United Railways 4s.....	50 ½	52
Certain-tyed 1st pfd.....	89	89 ½
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	.....	101
Ely & Walker 2d pfd.....	74	75
International Shoe pfd.....	107	.....
Hydraulic P. Brick com....	5	6
Central Coal & Coke com..	62	.....
Hamilton-Brown .....	.....	139
National Candy com.....	72 ½	74
National Candy 1st pfd....	109 ½	.....
National Candy 2d pfd.....	.....	100

♦♦♦

"Where did you find the prisoner, constable?" asked the magistrate. "In Trafalgar Square, sir," was the reply. "And what made you think he was intoxicated?" "Well, sir, he was throwing his walking-stick into the basin of the fountain and trying to entice one of the stone lions to go and fetch it out again."—*Tit-Bits*.



## New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

BEYOND THE HORIZON by Fred B. Morrill. New York: Neale Pub. Co.

A new novel by the author of "The Campaign."

PAN-PRUSSIANISM by Charles William Super. New York: Neale Pub. Co., \$1.25.

A companion volume to "German Idealism and Prussian Militarism," going more particularly into the racial characteristics of the Teuton.

THE UNBROKEN TRADITION by Nora Connolly. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.25.

A personal narrative of her experiences in the Irish rebellion of 1916 by the daughter of James Connolly, one of the leaders who was executed for his part in it. With maps and illustrations.

THE WOMAN QUESTION compiled by T. R. Smith. New York: Boni & Liveright, 75c.

Essays and extracts from the works of modern writers—Lowes Dickenson, Ellen Key, J. S. Mill, Elsie Clews Parsons, H. G. Wells and others—on woman's place in the scheme of the universe, selected with a view to giving a historical survey of the subject and the philosophical theory underlying it. Of the Modern Library series.

THE FLAME OF LIFE by Gabriele D'Annunzio. New York: Boni & Liveright, 75c.

Passion, fire, ardor, tempestuousness, characterize D'Annunzio's works. This volume is largely biographical. Of the Modern Library series.

SELECTED ADDRESSES AND PUBLIC PAPERS OF WOODROW WILSON edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: Boni & Liveright, 75c.

The president's most important public utterances from his first inaugural address in 1913 to his address to Congress before sailing for Europe. With introduction and index. Of the Modern Library series.

VILLON'S POEMS by Francois Villon. New York: Boni & Liveright, 75c.

"The Lesser Testament" and "The Greater Testament," diverse poems and translations by Rossetti and Swinburne, with John Payne's critical introduction to the expurgated edition of the poems published in 1881. Of the Modern Library series.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ELEVEN CUFF-BUTTONS by James Francis Thierry. New York: Neale Publishing Co., \$1.25.

"Being one of the exciting episodes in the career of the famous Sherlock Holmes, as recorded by his friend, Dr. Watson"—the subtitle indicates a satire on the popular Conan Doyle hero.

UNDER CAESAR'S SHADOW by Henry Francis Colby. New York: Neale Publishing Co., \$1.50.

A comprehensive survey of the days of the five caesars—Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius and Nero—whose reigns covered the period of the Messianic ministry and the lives of the apostles. Illustrated with reproductions of famous sculptures.

PARIS by Gertrude Hauck Vonne. New York: Neale Pub. Co., \$1.50.

The beauties and the delights of Paris as seen by an alert American woman.

♦♦♦

### Coming Shows

"Seventeen," the dramatization of Booth Tarkington's popular stories of Youth which was scheduled for the Shubert-Jefferson last October, just before the influenza ban went into effect, will be staged at that theater next week beginning Sunday night. Everybody who knows WILLIE BAXTER and has chuckled over his first love affair, who delights in the tender misunderstanding of his mother and the uncanny frankness of his impish sister Jane will want to see this performance, which hinges upon the events incident to Willie's purloining his father's dress suit in order to puzzle the charming Lola Pratt. The com-

pany will include Gregory Kelly as William Sylvanus Baxter, Lillian Rose as Jane, Ruth Gordan as Lola Pratt, and Judith Lowry as Mrs. Baxter, along with all the other actors and actresses who have made the play such a success in New York.

\*\*\*

After almost six years of phenomenal success on the New York and London stage, Laurette Taylor will come to the American next week in her latest comedy "Happiness." This was written for her by her husband, J. Hartley Manners, the author of "Peg O' My Heart," and "Out There." It presents her in the guise of an apprentice to a fashionable dressmaker, poor in what the world denominates riches but rich in optimism, good cheer and a sense of humor. The supporting company includes Lynn Fontanne, Percy Ames, J. M. Kerrigan and Beatrice Terry.

\*\*\*

The headliner at the Orpheum next week will be Lucille Cavanagh, a native of St. Louis, who has been in vaudeville for the past three years. Before that she was in musical comedy and was one of the dancing features of Ziegfeld's Follies. She will be assisted by Wheeler Wadsworth, Mel Craig and William B. Taylor, with saxophone, violin and voice. Other numbers will be Julius Tannen, monologist; J. Francis Dooley and Corinne Sales in their funny skit called "Will Yer, Jim;" Newton Alexander and the Lightner girls; Queenie Williams in a nautical sketch; Boyce Combe, English comedian, assisted by Burton Brown; Bert Ford and Pauline Price in a pantomimical fantasy of the forest called "Birds of a Feather;" Bessie Clifford in art impressions and poses; and the world's news told in pictures.

\*\*\*

Stan Laurel, the popular Pathé comedian, will appear in the flesh at the Grand Opera House next week, assisted by Mae Laurel in "No Mother to Guide Them." Other numbers will be "Excess Baggage," a playlet; Frozini, accordionist; McRae and Clegg; Murphy and Lockmar, laugh creators; Georgalia trio, gun experts; Ella LaVail, aerialist; Plunkett and Romaine, in songs and dances; George and Tony in "The Wop Paper Picker;" the Animated Weekly, Sunshine, and Mutt and Jeff comedies and other pictures.

\*\*\*

The 1919 Winter Garden Revue, with Faye O'Neill, Earl P. Miller and the Watson Sisters featured, will be the lead attraction at the Columbia next week. The Revue program includes many pleasing musical numbers, among them "Madelon" which is the "Over There" of France. Sam and Ada Peverly presenting "Mirthful Moments of Musical Comedy;" Hopkins and Axtell in "Travel Troubles;" Harris and Nolan, two girls with a piano; Mole, Jesta and Mole, cyclists; Tom Moore in his latest feature picture, "Go West, Young Man;" the Columbia Weekly; Lloyd and Strand comedies and the Pathé Review will complete the bill.

\*\*\*

The attraction at the Gayety theatre next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee, will be the Bon Ton Girls in a two-act musical burlesque called "At the Movies," interspersed with bright, catchy musical ensembles. There will be a large company of comedians and pretty girls, headed by Lester Allen, John Barry, Jack Strause, Harry O'Neal, Ethel Albertine, Martha Horton, Flossie Radcliffe, Rudy Willing and Ed Simmons.

♦♦♦

### Ferrer School Lectures

Two timely lectures of interest to thinkers will be given by William Thurston Brown at the Labor Lyceum, 1243 North Garrison avenue, next week. Mr. Brown is principal of the Ferrer Modern School at Stelton, New Jersey, the first elementary school of democratic citizenship in America, of the worth and standing of which it need only be said that more than five times as many children as could be accommodated were offered it the present scholastic year. In order to give widest publicity to the aims and methods of this institution and to promote the national service it was organized to inspire, Mr. Brown began a transcontinental lecture tour in November which he will conclude in April. The two lectures he will give here are "Making Education Safe for Democracy," on Saturday, February 8, at 8 p. m., and "The Most Important Educational Experiment in America," on Sunday, February 9, at 2 p. m. No admission will be charged.

3 months  
6 months  
9 months  
12 months

**3%**  
**CERTIFICATES  
OF DEPOSIT**

Recent industrial conditions have enabled many business concerns to accumulate large surpluses which they are not always able to keep profitably employed. To all such concerns Mercantile Trust Company Certificates of Deposit will prove most acceptable and convenient investments, until such time as the funds may again be put in active industrial service.

These Certificates are essentially the Mercantile Trust Company's promise to repay a deposited sum of money at the expiration of three, six, nine or twelve months, together with interest at the rate of three per cent.

If you are awaiting a prospective investment opportunity at some future date, why not let your money earn three per cent during the interval by means of a Mercantile Certificate of Deposit?

It's safe, sound, profitable business policy—and the money will be available when you need it.

**Mercantile  
Trust Company**



This Company has only one inflexible rule—"Individual Service and Courteous Attention." All of our other regulations are for the protection and convenience of customers. We want to understand each customer's individual needs—and apply or create a businesslike way to take care of them.

**Mississippi Valley Trust Co.**  
Capital, Surplus and Profits Over \$8,000,000  
**FOURTH and PINE ST. LOUIS**

The Problem Solved—  
"Where to Go To-night"  
**"CICARDI'S"**  
HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT  
EVERY NIGHT  
Under Cover and Open Air  
WINTER GARDEN  
A. J. CICARDI

**Evens & Howard**  
FIRE BRICK COMPANY  
Manufacturers of  
High-Grade Fire Brick and Sewer Pipe  
Yards for City Delivery:  
920 Market St. Saint Louis

racy," on Saturday, February 8, at 8 p. m., and "The Most Important Educational Experiment in America," on Sunday, February 9, at 2 p. m. No admission will be charged.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



# GOOD Printing and GOOD Advertising

Direct by Mail Advertising is rapidly coming into prominence because when properly prepared and printed and mailed to a selected Mailing List it is sure to bring results—but many people do not get results because either the Message is not right or it is not properly presented. If you are after better results let us advise with you.



We have and are helping other business houses solve this problem, and can do the same for you if you will give us the opportunity.

Walnut Ninth-S. W. Corner  
Olive 4822 Central 3006

**AMERICAN**  
LEADING THEATRE

Week Beginning Monday Night, February 3d.  
Wed. Mat., 25c-\$1.50; Nights, Sat. Mat., 50c-\$2.

**LAURETTE TAYLOR**

In the New  
Comedy of  
Character,

**"Happiness"**

**ORPHEUM**

**EMMA  
CARUS**

**Van &  
Schenck**

9th at St. Charles  
2:15—TWICE DAILY—8:15  
HERBERT CLIFTON  
'Where Things Happen'  
Florenz Duo; Friscoes; Gerards  
Harriet Rempel & Co.  
MATS., 15c to 50c; EVES., 15c to \$1

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE 15-25c**

Biggest and Best Vaudeville for the Price  
STARTING MONDAY AT 11 A. M. AND ALL WEEK.  
Stan and Mae Laurel will present "No Mother to Guide Them." Others on the bill are "Excess Baggage," presented by Leigh De Lacy and Company; Frosini, the Italian musical genius; Macrae and Clegg, Murphy and Lockmar; Georgialis Trio, Ella LaVail, Plunket and Romaine, George and Toney.  
World's Latest News and Comedy Pictures.  
Show Never Stops—11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Every Day.

**COLUMBIA 15c-25c**

Sixth and St. Charles  
VAUDEVILLE

150 Minutes of Fun  
**THE CYCLE OF MIRTH**  
A Whirl of Beauty and Song  
HAL STEPHENS 3 ANDER GIRLS  
HAHN, WELLER & KENYON  
KNIGHT & JACKMAN

Pictures MAE MARSH  
in "THE RACING STRAIN"  
Official War Review, Columbia  
Weekly, Harold Lloyd in  
"Going, Going, Gone"  
CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
in a Famous Fun Treat



## Without Reservation

All America has been captivated by the refreshing goodness of

**Bevo**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
A BEVERAGE

Those who have tasted it have spread the news of its deliciousness. Those who have tested it testify to its purity, wholesomeness and nutritive qualities.

That's why, throughout the country—north, east, south and west—in cities and villages—on land and water—among civilians, soldiers and sailors are found hosts of enthusiastic friends of

Bevo—the all-year-round soft drink



Get Bevo at inns, restaurants, groceries, department and drug stores, picnic grounds, baseball parks, soda fountains, dining cars, steamships, and other places where refreshing beverages are sold. Guard against substitutes—have the bottle opened in front of you.

Bevo is sold in bottles only—and is bottled exclusively by  
**ANHEUSER-BUSCH — ST. LOUIS**

**SHUBERT-JEFFERSON**

St. Louis' Leading Playhouse

Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert, Managing Directors

Week Beginning Sunday Night, Feb. 2nd.

STUART WALKER PRESENTS BOOTH TARKINGTON'S

**SEVENTEEN**

WITH GREGORY KELLY AND THE ORIGINAL NEW YORK COMPANY  
Nights, \$2.00-50c; Sat. Mat., \$1.50-50c; Pop. Mat. Wed., \$1.00  
SEATS ALSO AT CONROY'S, 1100 OLIVE

**STANDARD BURLESQUE**  
MATINEE DAILY

**Mile-a-Minute Girls**

NEXT—THE SOCIAL FOLLIES.

**GAYETY** 14th & Locust

**MATINEE DAILY**  
LADIES 10c

**SPORTING WIDOWS**

WITH  
**HARRY COOPER**

Next Week—  
**THE BON TONS**